

Butterfly

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Category: Hamtaro

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Sandy

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-08-14 04:57:35

Updated: 2011-08-14 04:57:35

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:52:37

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,738

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "It's okay," he whispered soothingly to calm me down. "We won't let this happen again. I promise." I wasn't sure whether or not to believe him then... LEMON

Butterfly

Hello everyone. What you're about to read is my first attempt at a lemon, so there is a large focus on sex throughout this piece. In addition, there's some language and other less than normal adult themes included throughout, so read at your own risk. Anyway, please enjoy the story!

* * *

><p>"NMmhh."<p>

I quickly slapped my hands to my mouth, trying to cover the small moan that had already escaped my lips. I turned my head and looked to see the male hamster who was pushing into me from behind, the glare immediately evident in his eyes. Of course I knew we had to keep silent. Only a wooden door and a dirt wall separated us from the others who were likely gathered around the table in the clubhouse. And the thought of anyone else finding out made me nauseous.

The warm tingling sensation was very familiar as he rhythmically pumped himself in and then out of me. That much pleasure in one tiger-striped hamster certainly made it hard to do anything but enjoy the feeling. Regardless, along with the intense pleasure and unbelievable, sensual ecstasy, the just as powerful feelings of guilt and self-loathing always managed to bleed through into the act.

His own fur tickled and weaved in mine as we jerked back and forth, and the fact that we shared the same fur color (not to mention the same identical, once prized tiger stripes) must have made it hard to tell where his body ended and my body began.

I heard Maxwell's soft voice outside the door, explaining some mystery to the others just like any other day. But today, I wasn't sitting right next to him, listening intently, even though most of the time I wasn't that interested or couldn't understand. I was in this dark, unfurnished, unfinished room of the clubhouse with the dirt in my face, soiling my cheek, and my older brother doing things to me that would make even the most hardened and experienced hamster cringe with disgust. I could feel the pieces of my heart scatter across the dirt and stomped in until they were buried under our sweating, shaking paws.

These acts always brought me back to the first time it ended up happening; when this whole mess escaped out of control. As the years went by, the whole gang started to have parties at night more regularly, and with age came the loss of innocence and introduction of things like alcohol. Another wave of pleasure almost made me moan again, and I scowled inside. God only knows how Howdy figured out how to make that stuff (I'm surprised Maxwell hadn't read it somewhere first, or if he had, he wasn't the kind to seek the use of substances for any reason anyway) or what he put in it, but his home brew sparked some interest in the effects of alcohol. If I knew where it would have led, I would have vowed that day to never even smell the strong alcohol scent if I could avoid it.

I didn't, though, and soon our parties started regularly featuring that poison. That fateful night, I had challenged Howdy to a contest on his own shine, and after equal amounts of his bitter tasting varnish (it might as well have been, even if he insisted it was whiskey) I came out victorious. I tried to jump up and be a good sport by respectfully rubbing his big nose right in it as I watched him fall backwards, passed out from the alcohol, but before I could stand I lost my balance and ended up on the floor. And after that, I don't quite remember anything. I was told later on that I had excitedly gotten up and started swaying with the music, getting way too into it in the process. I guess I caught sight of Maxwell, keeping mostly to himself, and insisted that we dance, then grinded up on him in front of everyone, much to his horror and embarrassment. If you're not familiar with Maxy, he's kinda the nerdy, shy, bookworm type, and preferred keeping his personal affairs to himself. It took months after we were dating for him to even hold my hand in front of the others, so needless to say, he didn't know how to handle the situation.

Luckily (or unluckily, as the story plays out) my brother stepped in, very overly influenced himself, and told the others he was taking me home to make sure I was going to be okay. I can only imagine how ridiculous we must have looked stumbling over each other through the forests and hills that night toward my home. The first thing I even remember after falling over at the clubhouse was being in my cage and basically throwing myself at the guy who brought me back. The rest of the night went quickly as we moved further in the cage and began having sex. Honestly, in my drunken debauchery, I had no idea for sure who it was that brought me back home, and I assumed it was Maxwell. All I remembered was how amazing it felt that night, as opposed to other times I'd been with Max. It wasn't until I woke up the next morning with my head pounding like no tomorrow and turned over to see my brother, not my boyfriend, snuggled up next to me in my cage before I realized what really happened.

I wish I could say that at this moment I was at that same level of intoxication, because at least then there would be some reason (a terrible reason, but a reason) that we were letting this happen again (I've lost count of how many times we'd repeated this act), but the hard truth was that we were both completely sober and consensual about what we were doing now. And that was what made it so much harder to stomach each time I gave in to the desires and let him fuck me again. Realistically, that's what it was. We weren't making love, and we weren't just having sex. We were fucking like a couple of dogs, unable to control anything but their basic instincts.

My body was getting harder and harder to control as his member filled me up, and the slow trickle of liquid coming from me made him slide much more easily into me. I had been with Maxwell a few times before this whole nightmare, and I had to admit, Maxwell did have a bit of a size advantage over Stan. But that was all he had going for him when it came to sex. Since he had spent most of his time reading, he never really developed anything other than his head. Stan, on the other hand, never stayed still for very long, and his lean, athletic muscles showed it. He may have been smaller, but his stronger muscles and developed movements more than made up for the difference.

He was moving harder and faster now, roughly probing my insides and sending sparks of intense ecstasy through my small body. He always seemed to hit the perfect spot, the head of his tool rubbing against some magic button that gave him complete control over how I bucked and shivered. If my hands weren't plastered over my mouth, I'm sure nothing could have stopped me from moaning his name loudly into the dirt.

Suddenly, my whole body felt that warm feeling of bliss as he continued to have his way with my wanting backside. I felt myself clench around him and throb over and over, my body unable to take the amount of pleasure it was experiencing. Every muscle seemed to tremble out of control, and I held myself against him and the ground, trying to find some stability as I whimpered. It took every ounce of control not to make any loud noises to alert the others. I finally felt him buck erratically another couple times before his warm seed emptied inside me, heating me even more from my center, until we both finally began to cool down and fall to the floor, spent from our climax.

In the next few minutes as the afterglow faded and the reality of the situation hit me as fast and intensely as my orgasm had, my mind and stomach dropped, pulling my self-esteem with them. Now that all the good feelings had faded away, regret and remorse were all that were left to plague my already distraught mind. I forced my self to sit up, a mixture of our liquids slowly leaking out of me, and turned towards my brother while trying to keep myself from hysterics.

He looked at me, and his eyes showed the same familiar look of utter disgust I felt at that moment. He was a ladies ham, but even he never would have wished or even guessed that this was in the realm of possibility. He must have noticed me struggling, teary-eyed, to keep my composure, and pulled me into a tight hug with my head on his shoulder and his mouth near my ear.

"It's okay," he whispered soothingly to calm me down. "We won't let this happen again. I promise."

I wasn't sure whether or not to believe him then, but then it didn't really matter anyway. I finally broke down as I hugged him to me with all my strength, a strong realization stealing away the last of my will to fight the tears back; even if this never happened again and Maxwell never found out, all of our lives: mine, Stan's and Maxwell's, could never be the same again. No matter how much I wanted it.

* * *

><p>Review if you wish (flames, acclaims, whatev, not that important to me) and I hope you enjoyed. I attempted to portray the feelings as accurately as possible, but remember two things: 1) they're hamsters, not people, so anatomy and everything are probably completely different anyway, and 2) I'm not a girl, and I've never had a female orgasm, so I'm going off of word of mouth and what I've read when it comes to that. That's all, and I'll see you all around.<p>

End
file.